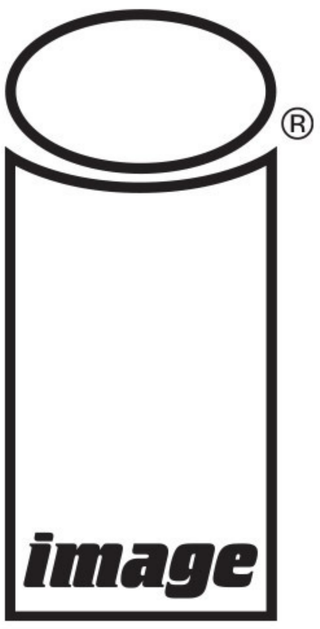
CASANOVA™

ACEDIA

VOLUME TWO

MATT FRACTION FÁBIO MOON
MICHAEL CHABON GABRIEL BÁ

with DUSTIN HARBIN



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CASANOVA

ACEDIA

MATT FRACTION

FÁBIO MOON

MICHAEL CHABON

GABRIEL BÁ

colors by Bá and Moon with flats by Felipe Nunes

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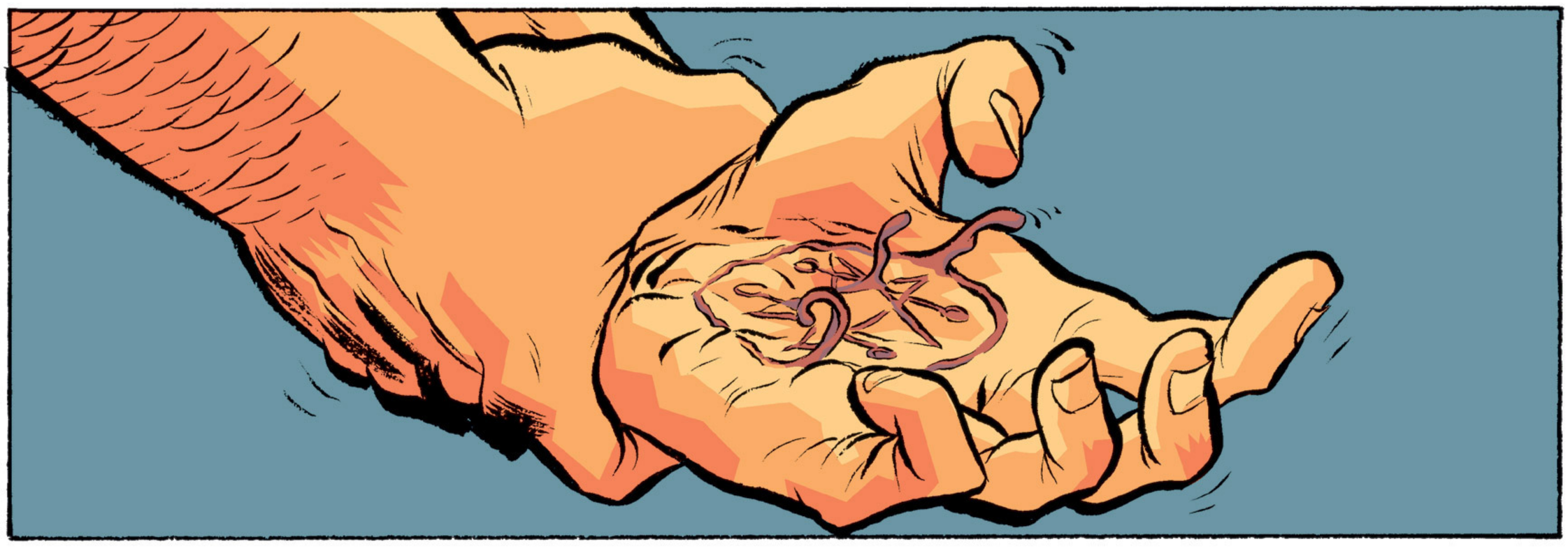

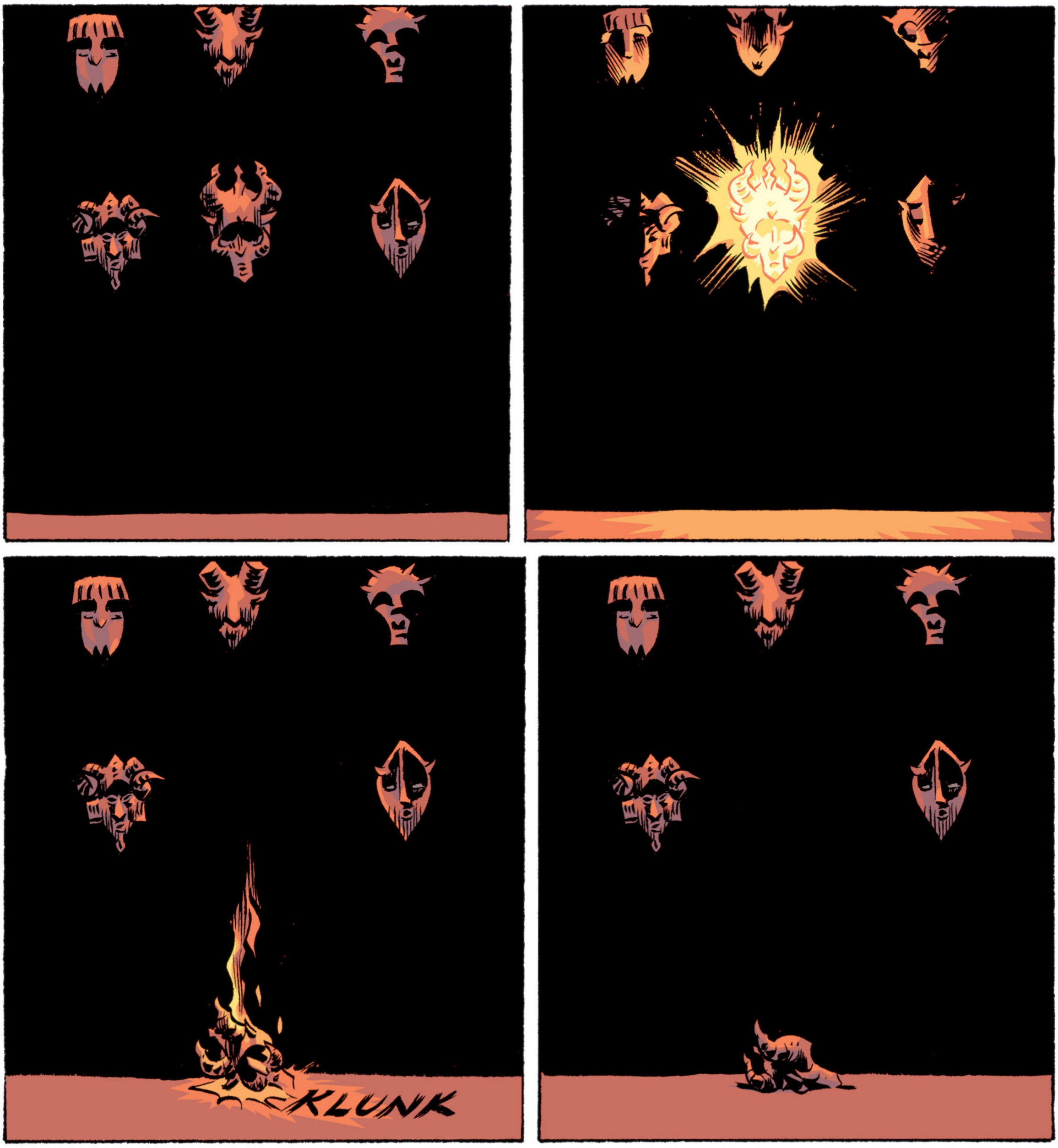

Sending this out to Lou and Rachel and all the kids at PS-192.
Man, I swear I'd give it all up for you.
—Matt

To Milo Manara.
—Fábio

To my friends at Escapist Comics, Berkeley, California.
—Michael

To Jack Kirby.
—Gabriel

"All the world will be your enemy,
prince with a thousand enemies,
and when they catch you
they will kill you
but first they must catch you, runner,
digger, prince with the swift warning.
Be cunning and full of tricks and
your people will never be destroyed."

"Watership Down" by Richard Adams

"They're gonna kill your sons
until they run run run run
run run run run away"

"Kill Your Sons" by Lou Reed

"I don't know what happened
to the Future."

"The Omega Glory" (2006) by Michael Chabon

CHAPTER FIVE

MUTINEER

Stop me if you've heard this one before.

Because I haven't.

I guess this happened but I don't remember any of it.

HE WALKED OUT FROM FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS, A CREOSOTE BLOWN IN FROM THE DESERT.

HE FOLLOWED A SOUND.

IT WAS THE VOICE OF GOD.

UH...
"THE, UH, THE MAN...

"THE MAN WHO HATES WHAT HE HAS BECOME...

"...IS NO KIND OF MAN AT ALL--"

DID THAT REALLY HAPPEN?

WERE YOU REALLY THERE?

DON'T BE STUPID.

OF COURSE SHE WASN'T.

SO...

SO, WHAT, THEN? I DON'T KNOW WHAT ANY OF THIS MEANS.

REAL, IMAGINED, HALLUCINATED, MERMAID OR *NOT*--

WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU? WHY THE HELL WOULD I KILL MY BENEFACTOR AND BOSS?

WHY SHOULDN'T I KILL YOU OR DIE TRYING?

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS, DUMMY.

AND BECAUSE HE'S A MONSTER.

GIVE HIM THE THING.

HE'S DONE THIS BEFORE.

TO MAKE SURE HIS PAST IS STILL BURIED HE GETS PEOPLE TO TRY AND DIG IT UP.

AND IF THEY SUCCEED HE RAZES IT ALL AND STARTS OVER AGAIN.

THERE IS NO "AMIEL BOUTIQUE."

THERE IS ONLY "AKIM ATHABADZE"...

...AND ALL THE HORRIBLE THINGS HE HAS DONE.

AND DONE.

AND DONE AGAIN.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND. HELP US OR DON'T. IF YOU DO, WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT'S NEXT.

TELL HIM WHAT WE TOLD YOU OR DON'T.

HE ALREADY KNOWS ANYWAY.

NOW YOU'RE JUST BEING PARANOID.

DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE WRONG.

TA.

TCH.

"TA."

WELL?

MAY I HELP YOU?

I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU THE SAME THING.

...

MAY I HELP YOU?

HELP ME WITH... WHAT.

FIND A BOOK. IT'S MY BOOKSTORE.

SNIF!

SNIF!

WHY DOES IT SMELL LIKE SMOKE?

...THERE WERE SOME COMPLICATIONS.

WHAT KIND OF BOOK?

I DON'T KNOW.

MY BOYFRIEND'S IN THE HOSPITAL AND I WANTED TO GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO KEEP HIS MIND OCCUPIED.

HE THERE FOR A WHILE?

LOOKS LIKE IT.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. HANG ON--

I, UH.

LOOK I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE A HASSLE, I'M JUST GOING TO BROWSE A BIT MORE AND--

--?!

HOLY SHIT.

HERE YOU GO.

WHAT

HOW DID YOU

THIS IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES.

CASANOVA

GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING INSIDE IT FOR EVERYBODY.

EXIT

DOCTOR
DOCTOR

DOCTO
DOCTO

DOCTOR
DOCTOR DOCTOR
DOCTOR. DOCTOR
DOCTORDOCTOR.
DOCTOR.

SORRY I'M LATE, SORRY I'M LATE--

AH! MS. RUBY. GLAD YOU'RE HERE.

AND THIS IS ROUTINE?

JUST MAKING SURE HE DOESN'T THROW AN EMBOLISM DURING RECOVERY.

LET'S BEGIN.

OKAY...

OKAY...

KERFWUNK*

--HUH.

KKKSSHH

Bzt

AAAAAAAA--

HUH.

--AAAAA--

SIR?

ARE YOU OKAY?

AHH. AHH.

SWEET WEEPIN' CHRIST.

FWOO

--DON'T MIND ME, YOUR THING'S GOING ALL *FWOO* AND *KSSSS* ON YEH.

KSSSSSSSSSSSS

KSSS

SSSSSSSSSS

EXIT

KEEESSSH

THIS PLACE IS PROTECTED. I --

EXIT

PSSSSSS

KERFWUNK

SOMEBODY FUCKED WITH MY PROTECTION.

GOD DAMMIT.

AAAAHHHHOOOWW GAHD OH JAYZIS SWEET FOOKIN--

CRASH

OH, FUCK YOU--

--RUBY NO--

AAAAA--

SHIT SHIT SHIT

C'MON C'MON

GGRAAHHHHHHHHHHCAN' STOP IT WATCH OUT--

SHIT--

CATCH ME CATCH ME McSHANE--!

WHOOOF--

Bzt

POW POW POW POW

SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

"YOU GO BACK TO BOUTIQUE AND DO YOUR JOB."

"JUST LIKE THAT, HUH? JUST KEEP ON KEEPING ON UNTIL YOU MAKE A MOVE?"

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

THE TRUTH IS WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* WE'RE GOING TO DO QUITE YET.

"OR HOW."

"WE NEED TO WATCH HIM. WE NEED TO WAIT."

"REALLY KNOW HOW TO INSTILL A LOT OF CONFIDENCE IN A GUY, YOU EVER HEAR THAT?"

YOU READ THE FOLDER, CASS. YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S CAPABLE OF.

QUINN-- UNDERSTAND THE STAKES. UNDERSTAND THE BODIES HE'S WILLING TO PUT IN THE GROUND TO HIDE HIS TRACKS.

"YOURS, MINE.

"OURS. HE WON'T STOP."

"SURELY THIS WAS THE MAN WHO WOULD BURN THE WORLD."

IT'S NOT "QUINN."

THAT'S NOT ME.

HE KNOWS.

ASSUME HE'S BEEN PLAYING YOU ALL ALONG. ASSUME HE KNOWS EVERYTHING YOU DO.

THAT WAY HE'LL NEVER SURPRISE YOU.

ALL RIGHT, "AKIM ATHABADZE."

LET'S ROCK 'N' ROLL.

READY WHEN YOU ARE...

"CASANOVA QUINN."

BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA
M
2016

M.O.T.T. ACHRONOTOPIC SERVICE HOSPITAL #1077. TIME-POSITION <EXPRESSED AS PROBABILITY>:

$$\lambda(x_0)=\lim_{n\to\infty}\frac{1}{n}\sum_{i=0}^{n-1}\ln\left|f'(x_i)\right|$$

My name means "bitterness." I was born fucked up.

I mean, like, *literally*.

WHAT'S THE LIKELIHOOD THAT IN FIVE SECONDS I SUCCUMB TO HELPLESS PITY?

92.4%.

POOR LITTLE BITCH.

Or maybe figuratively. I don't know. **Stoned.** Little baby body flooded with gene-coded smack[3].

Ask that dude. He's a ***chront,*** like me. A mutant, born with 4-dimensional DNA. Living at the intersection of 9×10^{81} timelines. So fuckin' *painful*.

MARA [*WILL*] UNDERSTAND(S)[-*STOOD*] THE NEED FOR THIS ACTION 77 TIMES MORE FREQUENTLY THAN SHE [*WILL*] FAIL(S)[-*ED*] TO DO SO.

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, FULGENCIO.

Fulgencio was born before they figured out how to code for biomorphines in utero.

Put all that pain together with all those timelines, an unmedicated chront's pretty much infinitely wise.

AH, WELL. TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS.

EXCEPT, OF COURSE, FOR THE WOUNDS IT INFLICTS...

...but they can get pretty fucking dark.

♫ Baby Beluga ♫
♪ ...Baby Beluga...

♪ Is the water warm... ♪
is your mama home... ♫

with ♪ you so ha-a-ppeee... ♪

GLUCKLICHENKINDERSCHLOSS 13

@ @ @

GUMDROP GATE

KRCH KRCH KRCH

good night, ♪ little whale, ♪ goodnight...

RIGHT. WELL.

THINK THEY EAT 'EM?

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

KRCH KRCH KRCH

KERANGG!

18339 EL LUNITO DRIVE.
LAUREL CANYON.
TIMELINE: YOURS.

This is the first thing I can remember...

HOLLYWOOD

...Pop telling me how far away the stars are, how unimaginably long their light takes to reach us.

...how they might not even be there anymore. A sky full of ghosts.

Come on Luther. The rules are simple. The safety is always off. The gun is always loaded. The fucker always f--

FA-WHOMMMMP!!

ROCK 'N' ROLL!

CHAPTER SIX

IN THIS GARDEN

COME BACK.

PLEASE.

PLEASE.

PLEASE COME BACK.

I NEED YOU.

I NEED HELP.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THIS.

I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE PLEASE HELP ME.

--

COME BACK

I WASN'T DONE. I--

"THE RULES ARE SIMPLE.

"THE GUN IS ALWAYS LOADED.

"THE SAFETY IS ALWAYS OFF.

"THE FUCKER ALWAYS FIRES."

"THE RULES AR SIMPLE.

KAITO...
AH HELL.
THIS NEXT TRICK'S CALLED "THE MAGIC NEGRO."
STOP ME IF YOU'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

POW POW POW POW POW

POW

HOLY--

ACH, TH'FUCK WAS THAT.

I DUNNO YOU GUYS, BUT...

...I DON'T THINK IT'S SAFE FOR ME HERE ANYMORE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

CASANOVA QUINN IS HELPLESS AND ABANDONED WITH NO MEMORY OF WHO HE IS OR WHAT HE'S DONE.

OR MORE IMPORTANTLY, NO MEMORY OF WHO *YOU* ALL ARE OR WHY YOU MIGHT BE LOOKING FOR HIM.

HARRG HARRG HHARRG

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR MEALS--

--PAID ENOUGH FOR IT--

--AND YOU'RE READY FOR THE HUNT.

HARGGG HARRGH HHHARGKK

TEN FIGURES FOR A GODDAMN CORNISH GAME HEN.

MR. NINE.

YOU DIDN'T ENJOY YOUR *ORTOLAN?*

LOOK AT ME, MISS "DEVICE!"

DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO FEELS SHAME BEFORE GOD?

WHEN DO I GET TO TAKE *MY* CRACK AT THIS LITTLE FUCKER?

CHARMING.

PUT THAT GODDAMN CIGARETTE OUT.

MR. NINE, THE HOODS WERE INTENDED NOT JUST TO HIDE OUR SHAME FROM GOD BUT TO KEEP OUR IDENTITIES SECRET FROM--

I'M *WINSTON HEATH,* GODDAMMIT.

AND Y'THINK I DON'T RECOGNIZE A GODDAMN *BERSERKO* WHEN I SEE ONE?

WHO, ME? WHAT?

A BERSERKO? WHERE?

WHEN *DO* *I* *KILL* *QUINN?!?*

WELL, THAT'S THE THING.

TURNS OUT "WHEN" HAS A PRETTY BROAD DEFINITION.

TUM TUM TUM TUM TUM

PSSS

WE HAVE A LOCATION AND CAN DROP YOU THERE WITHIN A CERTAIN TEMPORAL RADIUS.

ROUGHLY A WINDOW OF A YEAR. TIME THERE IS DIFFERENT FROM TIME HERE.

WE CAN GET YOU NEAR HIM. THAT COULD MEAN RIGHT ON TOP OF QUINN.

IT COULD MEAN HALF A WORLD AWAY..

M.O.T.T. DID THEIR WORK.

AND WHILE I KNOW YOU ENJOY HAVING YOUR ASS WIPED FOR YOU, HEATH, NOT EVEN *THEY* CAN NEGOTIATE COSMOLOGICAL MANIFOLDS WITH THAT MUCH PRECISION.

PIERCING `BRANES ISN'T *ACTUALLY* LIKE GOING ON SAFARI, GENTLEMEN.

BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY HUNTERS, ARE YOU? YOU'RE DILETTANTES WITH A HARD-ON FOR PAYBACK.

DON'T WORRY. IT'LL BE JUST LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A KLEIN BOTTLE.

OKAY, *OKAY*, DO IT--

I SEE IT! IT'S LIKE A...

--LIKE A *LIBRARY* OR SOME--

EH?

SIR...?

IT'S ME.

CASS.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO FRAME MYSELF AS YOUR KEEPER, BUT YOUR EXTENDED ABSENCE HAS SET MY MIND TO WANDERING.

THEY HAVEN'T BENT YOUR MIND TOWARDS KILLING ME, HAVE THEY?

BECAUSE I'D HATE TO RUIN A SHIT LIKE THAT.

I--

--"THEY," SIR?

YOU'VE BEGUN DIGGING INTO MY SORDID PAST. MY LIFE AND TIMES.

IF YOU'VE NOT FOUND THEM ALREADY, SOON YOU'LL SURELY FIND SOMEONE MORE FAMILIAR WITH THEM THAN I.

AND SURELY THEY'LL TRY TO CONVINCE YOU WHATEVER I DID, WHOMEVER I WAS--

I DON'T DESERVE TO BE ALIVE NOW.

AMIEL.

BELIEVE ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK "DESERVE" HAS TO DO WITH ANYTHING.

AH, MY BOY, MY BOY.

WHO DOES?

SO WHERE *HAVE* YOU BEEN?

TALKING TO PEOPLE TRYING TO CONVINCE ME YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE, LIKE YOU SAID.

YOU?

OH, I HAVE...

...A ROOM OF PEOPLE WORKING ON YOU--

...AND THEY'RE TRYING TO CONVINCE ME OF THE EXACT SAME THING.

A ROOM!

SHIT, I JUST HAVE TWO DOUCHEBAGS IN A DAVID HOCKNEY PAINTING.

AND FOR A MOMENT, EVERYTHING FEELS KIND OF GOOD.

MR. BOUTIQUE?

CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP

THIS HOUSE IS SAFE.

CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP

AND FOR A MOMENT ALL IS RIGHT IN THAT SMALL WARM WORLD.

THE SPACE, USUALLY SO SILENT, SWELLS WITH THE SOUND OF A MEAL ENJOYED, OF A COHORT EXHALING, OF A NIGHT IDLY WASTED.

SO OF COURSE OUR MAN PULLS AN IRISH GOODBYE.

HE CANNOT TRUST JOY ANY MORE THAN HE CAN TRUST QUIET.

AND LIKE A DOG THAT WALKS IN CIRCLES THREE TIMES BEFORE IT CAN REST, SO, TOO, DOES THIS ONE HAVE TO WANDER.

EVERYTHING IS THE SAME. NOTHING IS THE SAME.

DISQUIET REIGNS.

OH SHIT--

COME QUICK.

WE DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW I'M HERE.

HE TENDS TO KNOW MOST THINGS WHETHER YOU WANT HIM TO OR NOT.

AND KNOWING THAT OF HIM, ARE YOU SCARED?

WHERE ARE YOU *FROM*? EVERY NOW AND AGAIN YOU SAY SOMETHING AND IT COMES OUT LIKE YOU'RE FROM MARS...

YOU'RE CHANGING THE SUBJECT. WE DON'T HAVE TO TALK ABOUT HIM IF YOU DON'T WANT.

I THINK I DON'T WANT TO TALK AT ALL.

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT "HIMS," I THINK.

OH NO WAY...

...NO WAY NO WAY NO WAY...

PLOG

?!?

--THE HELL--

OH NO NO NO NO

I--

--I--

UGH--

HANG ON, HANG ON.

SPLAT

GREETINGS.

I COME IN MEAT.

OHHH...

SHIT.

KLUNK

HUH.

WHAT?

THIS ONE.

LOOK.

"ANATHEMA DEVICE."

SO?

SO...

"IT'S MY MOTHER'S NAME," HE WANTS TO TELL HER.

BUT HE DOESN'T.

Anathema Device

HE CAN'T REMEMBER HIS MOTHER'S NAME.

Anathema Device

...I CAN'T REMEMBER.

CLIC

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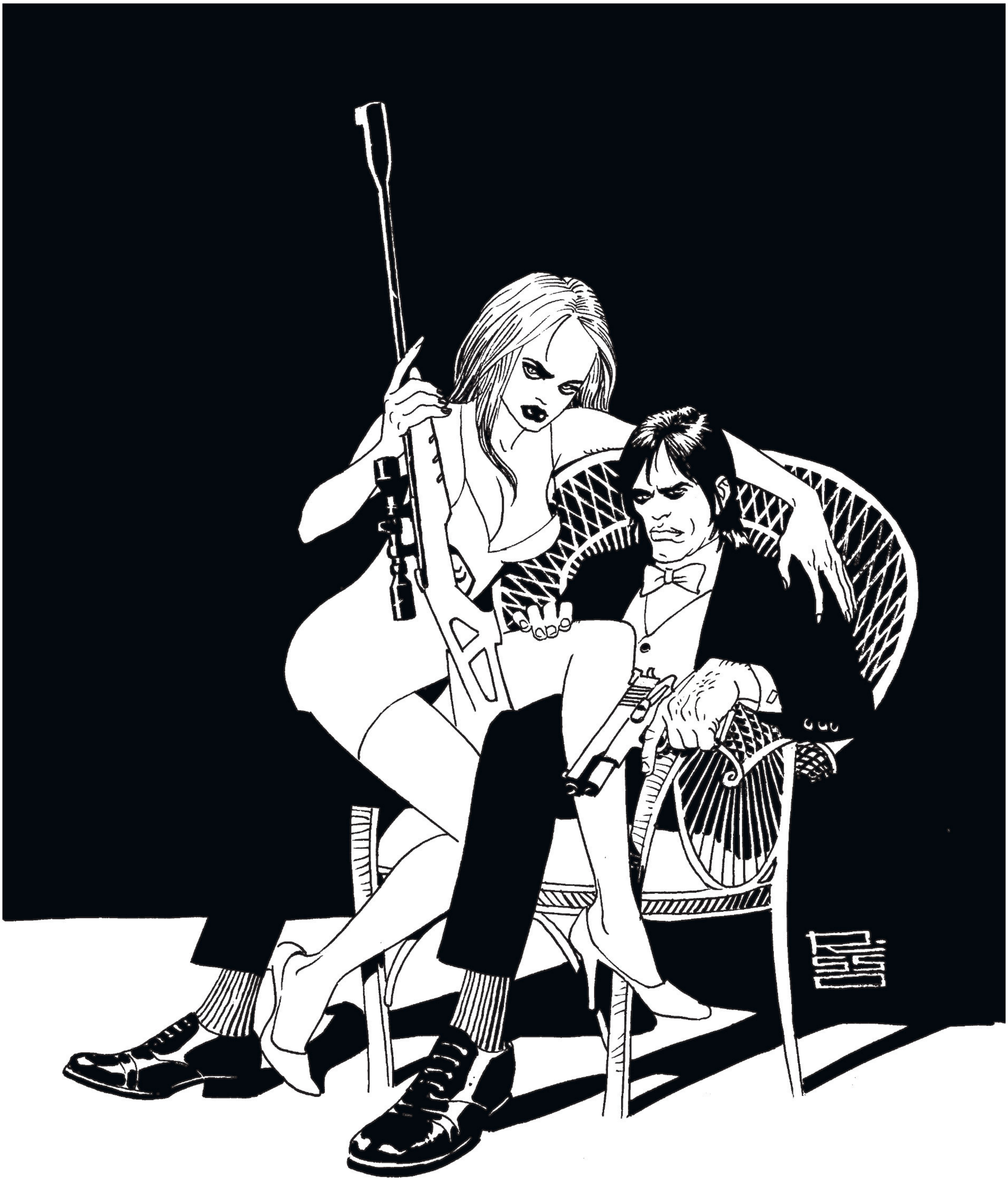
MACLEAN
2016



WHERE'S THAT DAMNED SNOW-DEVIL? I LEFT IT RIGHT AROUND--

BOLLOCKS. AVALANCHE.

WE'RE TRAPPED, CASS. HERE--

--TAKE IT.

THE CHAOS ENGINE. YOU HAD IT ALL ALONG.

YES. AND WHATEVER YOU DO, CASS, DON'T--

I WON'T LET THEM GET IT, SVETLANA.

ROCK AND ROLL.

--DON'T... PRESS...

...THE RED BUTTON.

DAMN IT.

THUNK SNAP

STOP IT THERE! LIGHTS!

NOW, WHELPS--

--WHAT HAVE YOU OBSERVED? MALTESE BEWLAY.

HE'S STUPID, RECTOR GENERAL. ANYBODY COULD SEE YOU SHOULDN'T PRESS THE RED BUTTON.

HE IS NOT STUPID. HE IS IMPULSIVE. FIVE DEMERITS. WHO ELSE? DACHSUND BEWLAY.

THE AUTHOR OF YOUR MISFORTUNE

HE'S A MEDIOCRE SKIER. HE HAS NO FLEXIBILITY AND HIS FORM IS EXECRABLE.

ACCURATE, BUT IRRELEVANT. AS EVER, MR. BEWLAY. THREE DEMERITS.

HE'S A TOTAL ASSHOLE!

INDEED? AND WHAT IS THE BASIS FOR THIS BOLD ASSERTION, BULLDOG BEWLAY?

HE CALLED HER SVETLANA! BUT HER NAME WAS TATIANA.

FIRST THEY HAD SEX. THEN SHE SAVED HIS LIFE. NOW SHE'S DYING, AND HE CAN'T EVEN BOTHER TO REMEMBER HER NAME.

CORRECT, AND WELL-REASONED. UNFORTUNATELY, YOU SPOKE WITHOUT RAISING YOUR HAND OR BEING CALLED UPON.

PUT HIM IN THE ICE CIRCLE.

GO AHEAD STICK ME IN THE ICE HOLE YOU UGLY STUPID THICK-HEADED FISH-STINKING GNANG I DON'T CARE I'VE BEEN IN THE ICE HOLE BEFORE I'M NOT AFRAID...

...ALL GNANGS ARE UGLY AND THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE SO I DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW IT CAN BE THAT YOU ARE UGLIER THAN ALL THE OTHERS BUT YOU ARE...

I'M SORRY, GNANG.

I'M SORRY FOR SAYING YOU'RE UGLY. THAT WAS JUST MEAN.

HNH.

SO WHO'S THE TOTAL ASSHOLE NOW?

I KNOW. I'M REALLY SORRY, GNANG.

I HAVE A NAME, BULLDOG BEWLAY, AND IT'S NOT "GNANG." THAT'S MY SPECIES.

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING THAT YOU LOOK LIKE A "TATIANA."

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO PUT ME IN THE ICE HOLE, TATIANA.

I DID.

THAT'S TRUE.

GNANGS NEVER LIE.

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GLASTONBURY
MUSIC
FESTIVAL

T.A.M.I. TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL.

YOU GUYS SEEING THIS SHIT?

FUCKIN' ROBOT BITCHES.

MEI? YOU WANT TO FOCUS A LITTLE MAYBE? KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU?

SASHA'S RIGHT, MEI. YOU WANT TO STAY ALERT HERE.

1300

1400

1300

YOU WILL NEVER FIND A MORE WRETCHED HIVE OF SCUM AND VILLAINY.

SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER, TIMELINE 948.

HELLO.

I HEARD YOU MIGHT HAVE RUN ACROSS AN ITEM I'VE BEEN CHASING FOR A WHILE NOW.

GOT SOME OF THE TOUGH STUFF. GOT THE "CANCER CORNELIUS." THE "REMORSEFUL CASS." AND I KNOW WHERE I CAN GET MY HANDS ON A SEALED, I MEAN *MINT*, "COLDHEART ISLAND INVASION PLAYSET," IF--

I'M LOOKING FOR THE "ANTARCTIC COMMANDO CASS."

WAIT, HH-- WHAT KIND OF--

A CASANOVA QUINN?

ANTARCTIC. THERE ISN'T ANY--

--WHAT, YOU MEAN *THIS* GUY?

Y'KNOW, I MEAN, THIS ISN'T A PRODUCTION FIGURE, RIGHT? HAS TO BE SOME KIND OF CUSTOM JOB--

THAT'S THE ONE! HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?

I DUNNO. YOU BEEN SEARCHING FOR IT, RIGHT? CALL IT A HUNDRED.

FIFTY.

SEVENTY-FIVE.

SIXTY.

DEAL.

"NEXT LEVEL." GIVE ME A FUCKIN' BREAK.

MEI...

YOU KNOW, LIKE... I GOTTA SAY, THAT COSTUME, IT'S... HOW MANY PEOPLE YOU *GOT* IN THERE?

NONE, ACTUALLY.

I AM EXPERIENCING THE PROFOUND SENSE OF COMPLETION KNOWN ONLY TO THE TRUE COLLECTOR.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU **HAGGLED** WITH THE GUY, GAVIN, JESUS. SEVENTEEN TIMELINES WE LOOKED FOR IT IN, YOU WANT TO DO THE RUG MERCHANT ROUTINE.

ANYONE ELSE NOTICE THE HITS ARE STARTING TO GET KIND OF *BAROQUE*?

CAN A ROBOT SHRED? NO A ROBOT CANNOT SHRED.

RAIL CROSSING ROAD

3 TRACKS

DWORKIN

CJW

CHAPTER SEVEN

HEAD ON FIRE

AAARRR66HH!!

SOMETHING WRONG?

I CAN'T DO IT.

WHY DID MY NAME HAVE TO BE SO HARD?

OOH, I LOVE YOUR NAME.

I DON'T.

IT'S HARD.

LOOK.

WHY DOES MY NAME HAVE TO BE SO POINTY?

I KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE LETTERS, I JUST CAN'T KEEP THE LETTERS IN BETWEEN LINES.

LOOK.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STAY IN THE LINES.

YEP.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

MAYBE THAT'S YOU ALL OVER.

MR.-OUTSIDE-THE-LINES.

MY NAME IS PRETTY POINTY TOO, WATCH.

UP AND DOWN AND UP AND DOWN.

MOM

THAT'S NOT YOUR NAME!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.

MOM

ANNA

THEN ROUND-AND-ROUND IN THE MIDDLE.

IT'S THE SAME BACKWARDS AS IT IS FORWARDS.

FUCK!

FUCK
FUCK
FUCK.

OKAY.

OKAY.

GET IT
TOGETHER.

GET IT
TOGETHER.

YOU GOTTA
GET IT
TOGETHER,
MAN.

I KNOW
YOU CAN
DO THIS.

GOOD MORNING.

IT'S DIFFERENT HERE.

I WATCH EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THESE THAT I CAN BECAUSE IT'S JUST SO GODDAMN DIFFERENT.

WHERE ARE YOU FROM, THAT THE SUNRISES ARE DIFFERENT?

C'MON, MAN...

YOU DON'T EXPECT **ME** TO GO FOR THIS WHOLE AMNESIA TRIP, DO YOU, CASANOVA?

CASSADAY.

QUENTIN CASSADAY.

"QUEN-TIN."

"CASS-A-DAY."

CASANOVA QUENTIN CASSADAY. IT'S LIKE YOU GOT IT HALF RIGHT AND ALL OUT OF ORDER.

COME ON, MAN, QUIT FUCKING WITH ME.

DO YOU KNOW ME? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM, WHERE I CAME FROM?

DO YOU KNOW HOW ALL THIS SHIT TIES TOGETHER?

IS THIS YOUR CARD?

CASANOVA QUINN

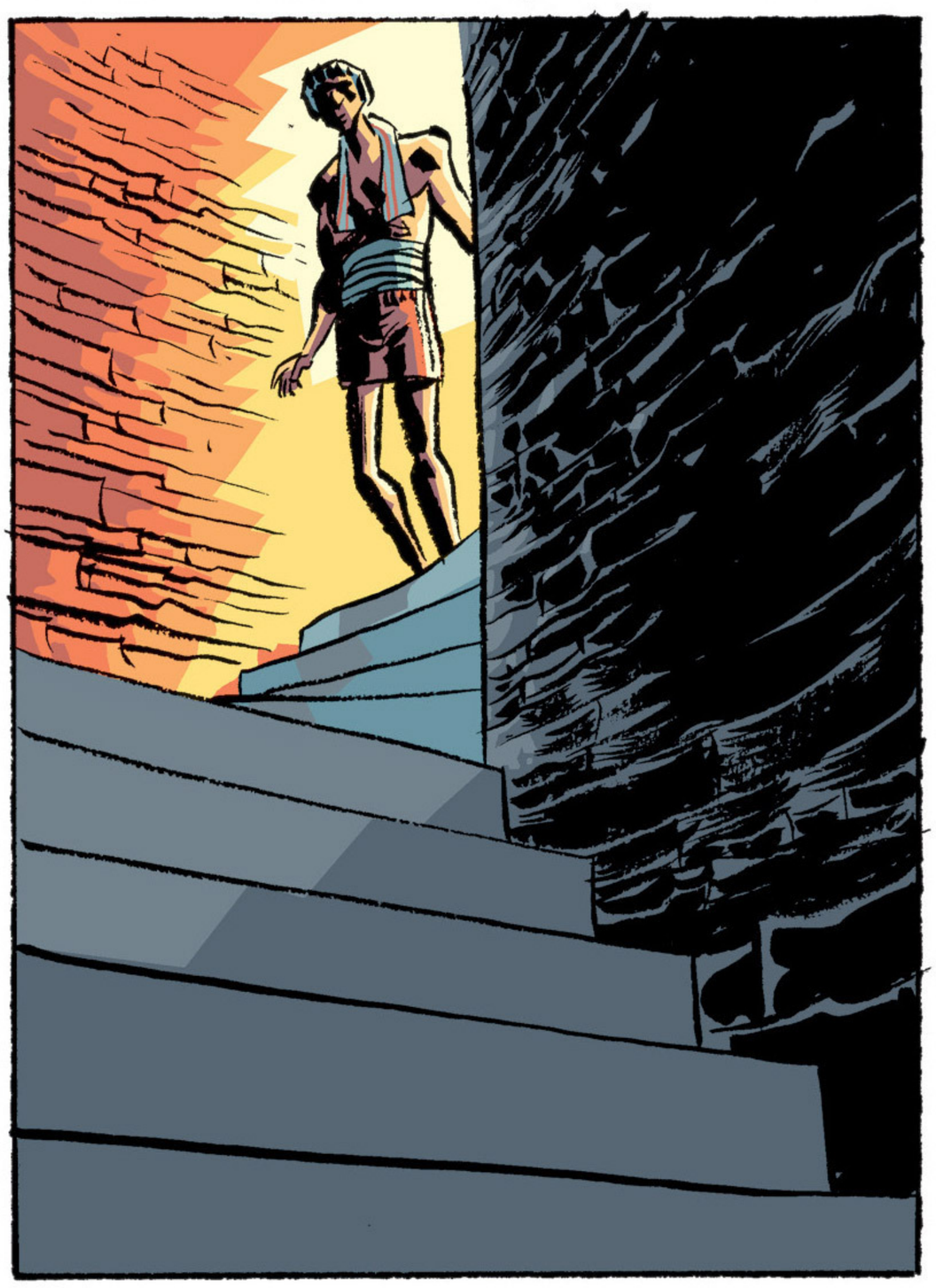
spatiotemporal stability agent

...

HOW CAN THE GODDAMN *SUNRISE* BE DIFFERENT?

I DON'T KNOW, MAN.

"...IT JUST IS."



SSWOOSH

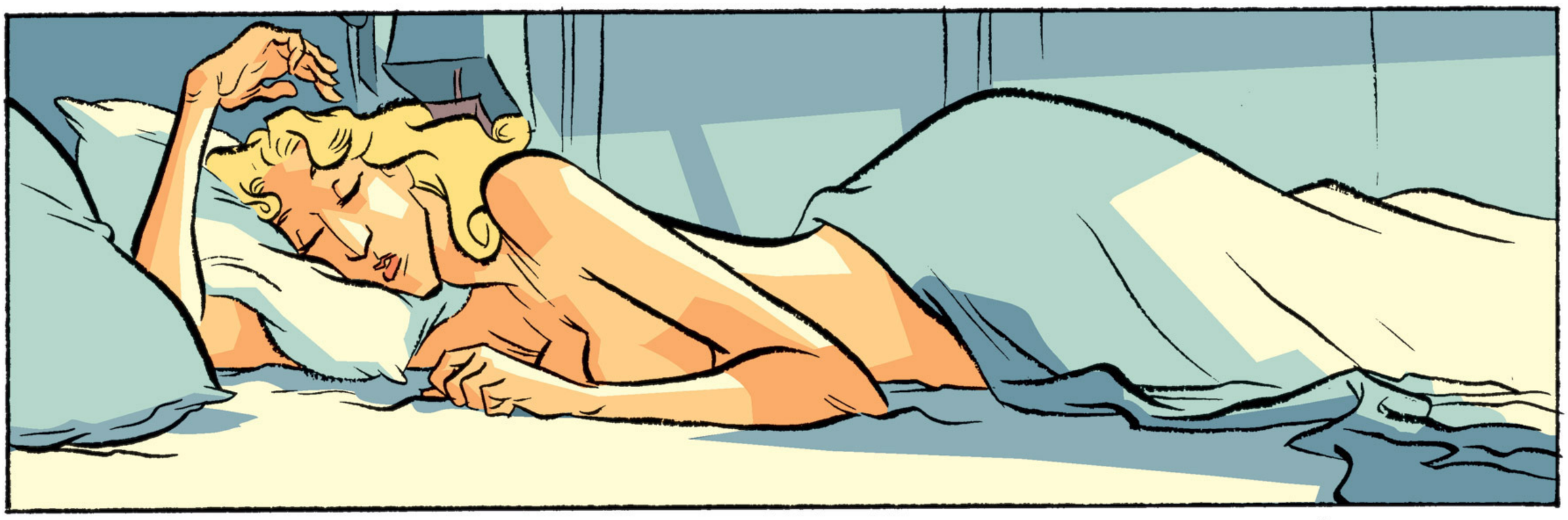
YOU CAN JUST LEAVE IT THERE, THANKS.

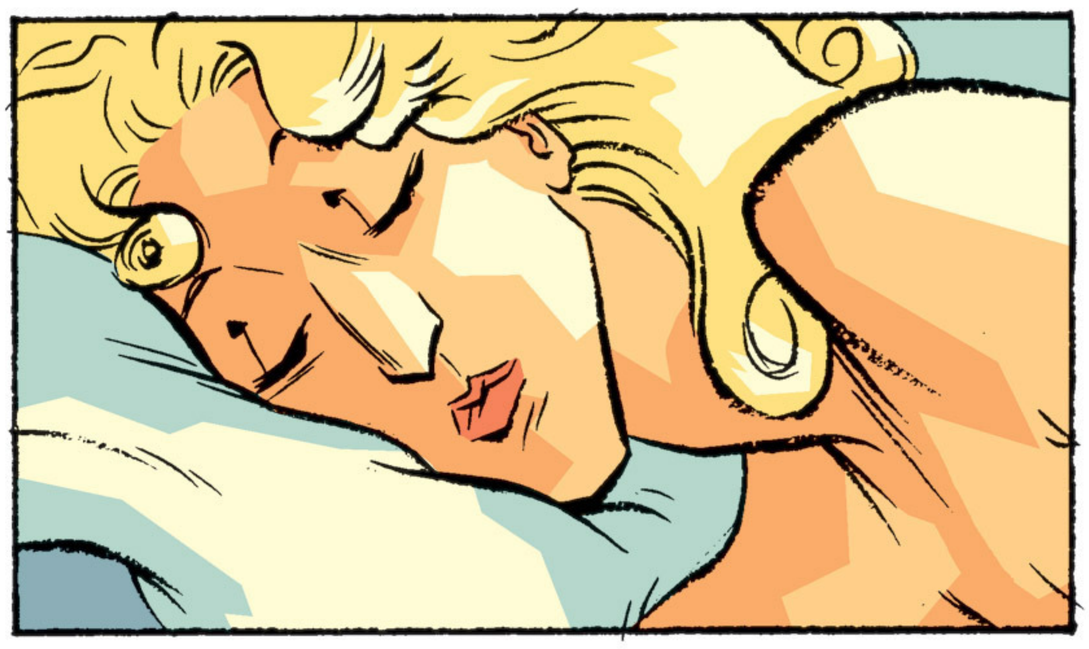
TECTECTEC TEC TEC

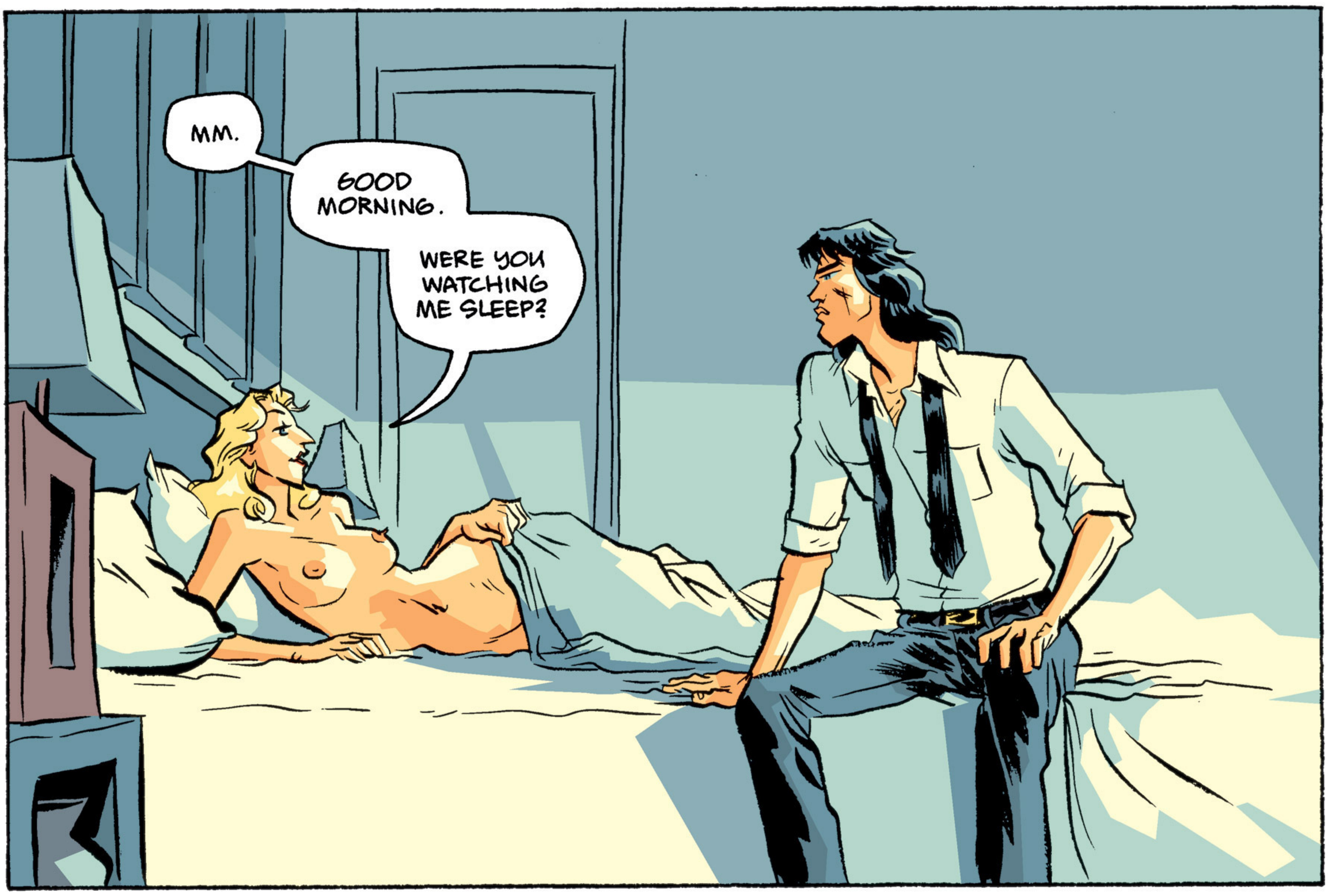
UH... LEAVE WHAT?

KOREAN, RIGHT? WE ORDERED A SHITLOAD OF BIBIMBAP FOR LUNCH.

JUST SET IT THERE AND GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.






MM.
GOOD MORNING.
WERE YOU WATCHING ME SLEEP?

"I CAN'T STAND THE QUIET..."

...HOW ABOUT *YOU*, MR. ELEVEN?

ARE YOU READY TO GET NOISY?

WHO, ME?

WHY NOT YOU?

MR. *NINE* HAS CERTAINLY TAKEN HIS TIME. HE'S MAYBE NOT COMING BACK FROM HIS LITTLE SAFARI.

BUCKLE UP, FAT BOY.

YES.

YES, ALL RIGHT THEN.

IT'S SHOWTIME.

OH GOD OH GOD OH IT'S LIKE I'M FALLING--

GUYS.

I FOUND SOMETHING REALLY WEIRD.

HE'S HERE.

SEE?

HEY, PARTNER.

YOU COMIN', OR WHAT?

...

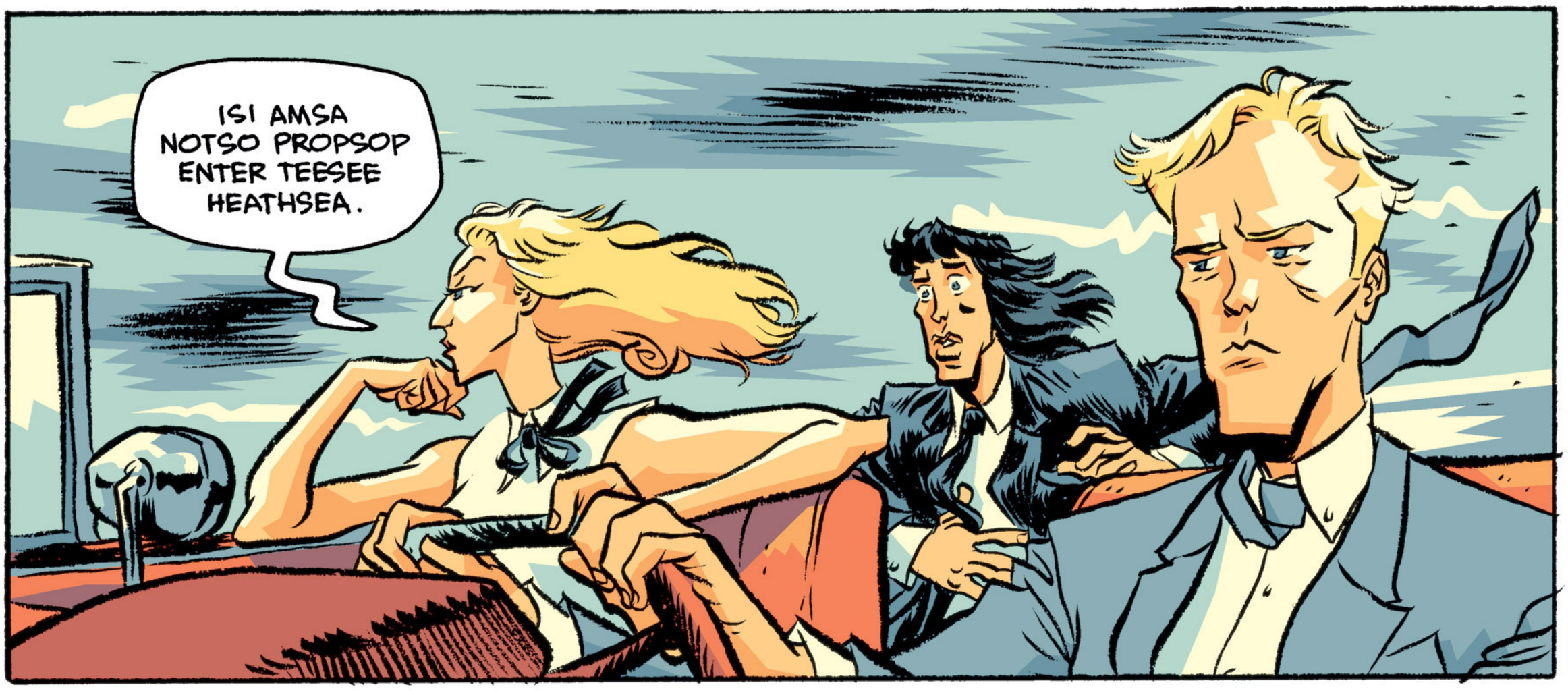
GO ON.

I'LL CATCH UP.

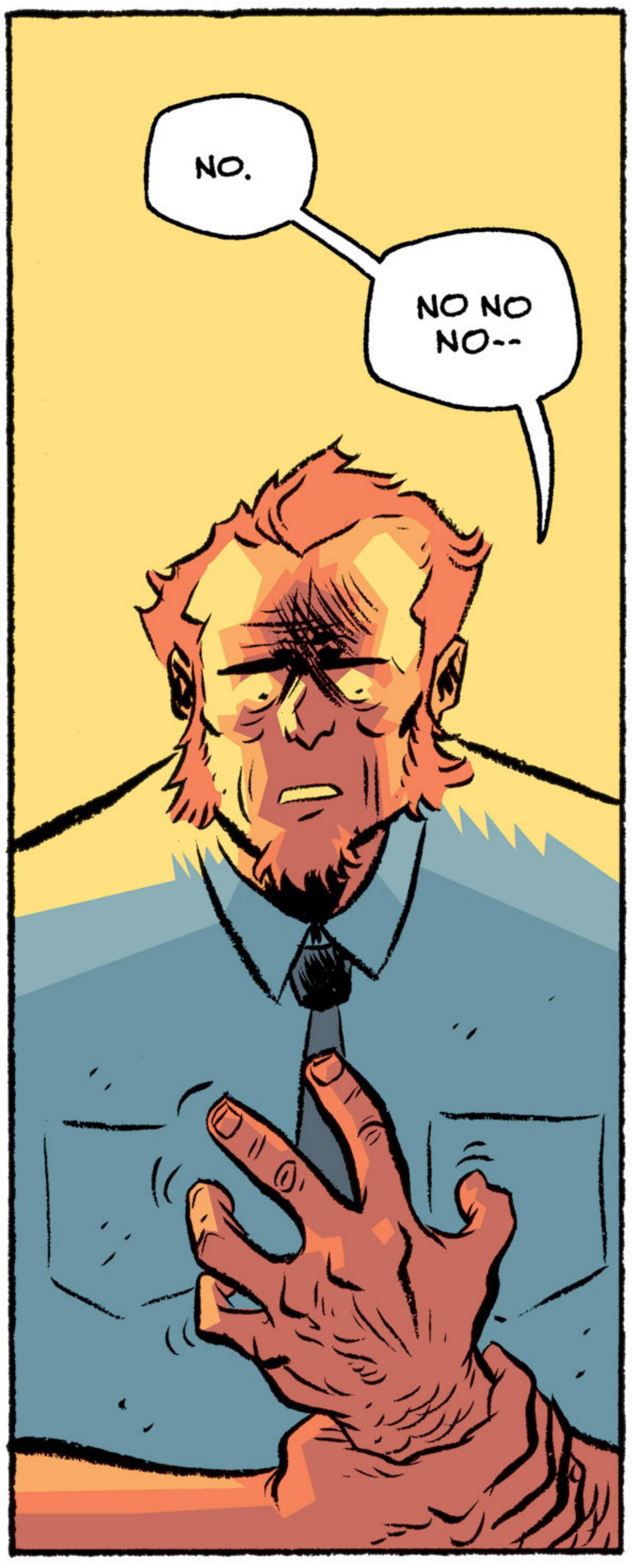
OH! OH!

WHAT AM I SEEING? WHAT AM I--

ITSIT HURTSURS, ROSA SASA LISI.


ISI AMSA NOTSO PROPSOP ENTER TEESEE HEATHSEA.

THE FUCK YOU TWO JUST SAY?


NO.
NO NO NO--

IT'S, UH.

IT'S A HAND?

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I MADE UP A SECRET WAY OF SPEAKING.

IT WAS LIKE PIG LATIN, SORT OF.

YOU BREAK A WORD INTO SYLLABLES, THEN PUT AN S SUFFIX AT THE END, WITH THE VOWEL FROM THE SYLLABLE.

CHO!

POW

SO YOUR NAME WOULD BE CASSA DAYSAY, FOR EXAMPLE.

AND "SUKI" IS JUST A NICKNAME.

IT WOULD BE SUKSU ISI.

MY NAME IS ACTUALLY "ROSALI."

SO IT'D BE "ROSO..."

"SASA LISI."

STOP THE CAR!

STOP THE FUCKING--

SCCCCRREEEEEEEEE

HOLY SHIT.

CASS--

CASS WAIT--

--HEAD'S ON FIRE--

OH FUCK--

BOOM

"CASS!

"CASS! COME QUICK! SOMETHING'S WRONG!"

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

DO IT AGAIN.

"CASS!

"CASS, COME QUICK! SOMETHING'S WRONG!"

BULLSHIT. DO IT AGAIN.

"CASS!

"CASS, COME QUICK!

"SOMETHING'S WRONG!"

WHO IS ---

--- CASANOVA QUINN?

JP 2016

Chip!

V-2 RECORD SHOP

SO, BASICALLY THEY'RE LIKE GINORMOUS BLACK CDS...?

NO, KIDDO, A CD IS ONES AND ZEROS. NOTHING IN BETWEEN. VINYL IS ABOUT THE SHADINGS. IT HAS AUTHENTICITY. IT HAS GROOVES.

LIKE THOSE HELEN KELLER BOOKS, YOU MEAN? WITH THE LITTLE, LIKE, BUMPS?

UH, SURE, KIDDO. KIND OF...

EXIT

I'M FUCKING WITH YOU, **KIDDO.** JUST TO SEE HOIN DUMB YOU ACTUALLY THINK I AM.

I GOT A TECHNICS SL-1210 DECK AT MY APARTMENT (WHICH YOU ARE NEVER GONNA GET TO SEE, BY THE WAY) AND YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE TO PLAY ON IT? THE NEW **T.A.M.I.** ALBUM!

IT'S THE LIMITED-EDITION ZEBRA-STRIPE VINYL, WITH AN AWESOME ANIMATED HOLOGRAM ON THE LABEL.

AND IT'S A FUCK OF A LOT MORE "AUTHENTIC" THAN YOU.

TOO BAD IT DOESN'T ROCK!

ACTUALLY, THE HOLOGRAM *IS* FAIRLY AWESOME.

THAT'S IT. I AM NOW GOING TO DE-**SHTROY** T.A.M.I. BUNCH OF FAKE PLASTIC POPSTAR BITCHES.

AUTHENTICITY IS A REACTIONARY CONSTRUCT, RICH. EPISTEMOLOGICALLY, IT'S PRETTY DUBIOUS.

SHUT THE FUCK UP, ERROL.

KRUSH

PLUS, I'MA HAVE TO CALL BULLSHIT ON YOUR DEPLOYMENT OF THE TERM "BITCH" IN A NON-HIPHOP, NON-CANINE CONTEXT.

AND YOU OWE ME NINETEEN BUCKS FOR THE BUSTED RECORD.

THE ZAUBERBERG, INQUISITION ROOM.

SO I FUCKED A ROBOT.

FOUR ROBOTS.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, FULGENCIO. YEARS--YEARS-- I STUCK TO THE PROTOCOLS.

"... IN EVERY CRAMPED BACKSTAGE GREEN ROOM...

"... STAYING IN THE SAME HOTEL ROOMS..."

...LIKE, I THOUGHT IT WAS SOUNDING WAY TOO DRY, ESPECIALLY ON THE SNARE, Y'KNOW...?

TOMORROW WE COULD TRY IT WITH THE NEUMANN, MAYBE? GALEN...?

URM-HRM.

"... I THINK WARDROBE SESSIONS WERE THE HARDEST. BUT I NEVER CROSSED THE LINE, FULGENCIO. AND I NEVER LET ON.

...WELL, NOT VOLUNTARILY.

"AND THEN ONE WONDERFUL DAY, I GOT THE ORDER TO SCRAMBLE THE T.A.M.BOTS.

GALEN, WE'VE OBSERVED THAT YOU APPEAR TO EXIST IN A STATE OF ALMOST PERPETUAL TUMESCENCE.

IT MUST BE QUITE PAINFUL.

WE'RE HERE TO OFFER OUR ASSISTANCE.

V HOTEL, SAN NARCISO.

"...IT WAS A DREAM COME TRUE. IT WAS FANTASTIC."

WAIT, YOU GUYS CAN SWAP PARTS?

"IT WAS SURPRISING...

...BUT IT WASN'T IN VIOLATION OF ANY PROTOCOLS."

"...AND I CAN'T SEE THAT IT DID ANY HARM!"

THE NUMBER OF THINGS YOU DID/CAN/WILL NOT SEE, GALEN, WAS/IS/WILL BE ASYMPTOTICALLY CLOSE TO INFINITE.

"THERE WAS/IS/WILL BE A WITNESS."

IT'S TOTALLY BLURRY.

MY HAND WAS SHAKING.

'CAUSE THE OLD MAN WAS GETTING HIS HOSE YANKED BY A FUCKIN' SWISS ARMY KNIFE!

WHY WAS THAT?

YOU'RE SAYING THEY ARE *LITERALLY* ROBOTS. BECAUSE I WAS ONLY SAYING THEY ARE *FIGURATIVELY* ROBOTS. SO, THIS STORY OF YOURS, IT'S... OVERDETERMINED.

WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS, *ARE YOU FUCKING WITH ME?*

There's definitely a tickle. I feel like the name ought to mean something to me...

... obviously the man was famous. Maybe where--or whenever I was, before this, I heard his music. I knew his name. But that is not how it feels.

...it feels like a rabbit hole. Something I have to plunge down into before I can ever have any chance of surfacing again...

...Luther Desmond Diamond. The name definitely rings a bell.

PARADISE LOST: LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND AND FORGIVENESS, THE GREATEST ROCK MASTERPIECE NOBODY'S EVER HEARD.

...if I can figure out why, who he really was, what he did, what it all has to do with forgiveness...

... then maybe I'll be able to remember my own name, who I am, what I did...

... GALEN HAS BEEN/IS BEING/WILL BE PLACED ON INTERIM REASSIGNMENT, REPAIRING A SECURITY LEAK...

ROGER THAT.

STAND BY FOR COORDINATES AND DATA FOR NEXT 512 QUINN TERMINATIONS.

STANDING BY.

...and why I can't shake this feeling that someone is coming to kill me.

REINTEGRATE YOUR MUONS AT THESE QUANTUM COORDINATES FOR THE NEXT HEAVY METAL HOOTENANNY FEATURING THE **METANAUTS!**

CHAPTER EIGHT

HAIL, HAIL THE FROG QUEEN

MS. BOUTIQUE...?

YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU AT THE DINNER TABLE.

HE'S NOT REALLY MY FATHER.

I KNOW, MY DEAR.

BUT HE IS *THE BOSS*, SO LET US NOT KEEP HIM.

THERE'S A FROG IN THE SEYCHELLES WHERE THE DADDY FROG CARRIES THE BABIES AROUND AND NOT THE MOMMY.

THAT WASN'T IN YOUR CHEMISTRY ASSIGNMENT.

SO NOW THEN.

WHAT GOOD HAVE WE DONE THIS DAY?

WHAT, AS THEY SAY--

--DO YOU KNOW?

I KNOW AND HAVE DONE MANY THINGS.

IT WAS A GOOD DAY.

EXCELLENT!

WONDERFUL, MY DEAR.

BECAUSE IN OUR LIFE, IN OUR LINE OF WORK--

--THERE ARE *TWO RULES*.

ONE: NEVER TELL THEM EVERYTHING YOU KNOW.

DE DOIS, EMENDOU A SANDICE; O DA VIDA E O DA MORTE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SR. ARAUJO?

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, I'M AFRAID I WASN'T TOLD.

DON'T YOU KNOW?

POR FAVOR CONTINUE A LEITU--

--TRIANGLE ABC IS AN ISOSCELES WITH AB = AC, WHERE ANGLE A EQUAL--

--DOWN THE BARREL TO ALIGN YOUR FRONT SIGHT POST IN THE REAR NOTCH NICE AND--

--WIDE, LIKE A BUTTERFLY'S WINGS--

WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING YOUR RETAINER?

FATHERRR...

:ggjjrrrkk:

DON'T EMBARRASS ME AT SCHOOL.

DON'T ALLOW VANITY TO UNDO YOUR MAXILLOFACIAL SUFFERING.

IT'S NOT--

:heff:

--VANITY, IT'S HAVING A DANG HANDLE ON MY FACE FOR SOMEONE TO GRAB.

TCH.

WHO WAS THIS GUY AGAIN? A PORNOGRAPHER?

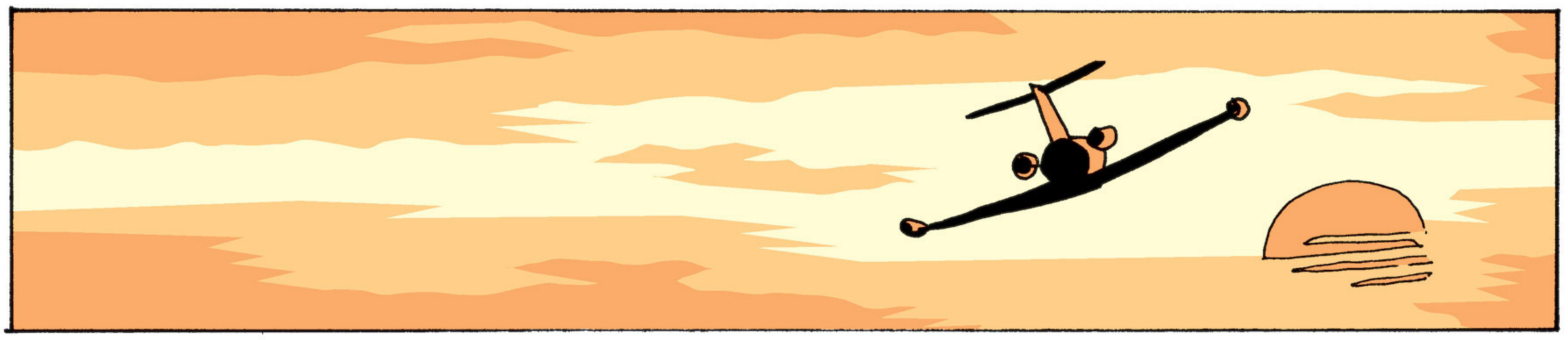
A SPECIALIST WITH CONNECTIONS TO NOT JUST PORNOGRAPHY BUT HUMAN TRAFFICKING AND SMUGGLING.

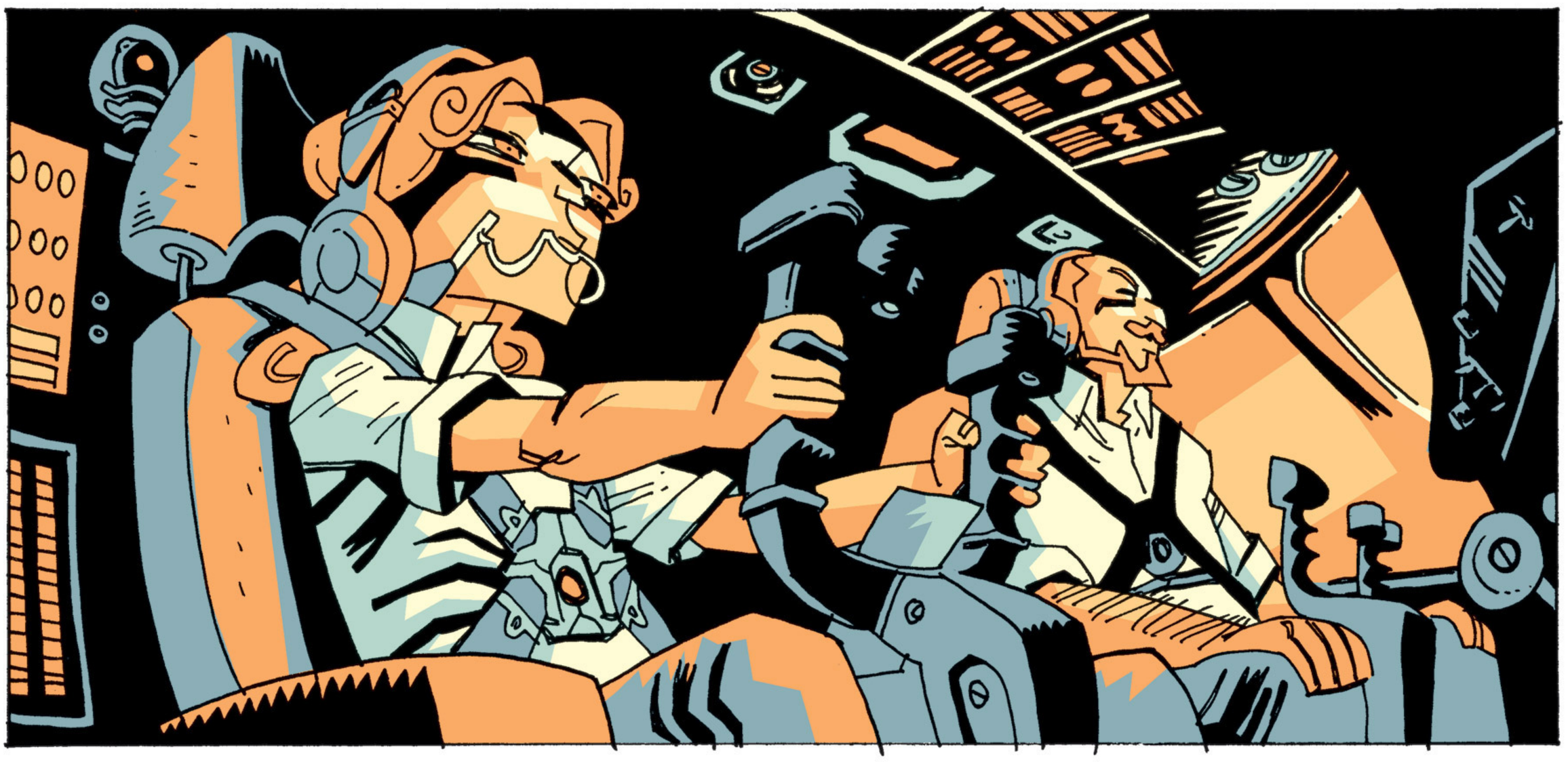
HUMAN GARBAGE BY ANY MEASURE.

SORTA LOOKS LIKE WHATSISNAME, MY OLD TEACHER, THE PILOT.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM ANYWAY?

--TAKE HER UP TO 10,000 FEET--



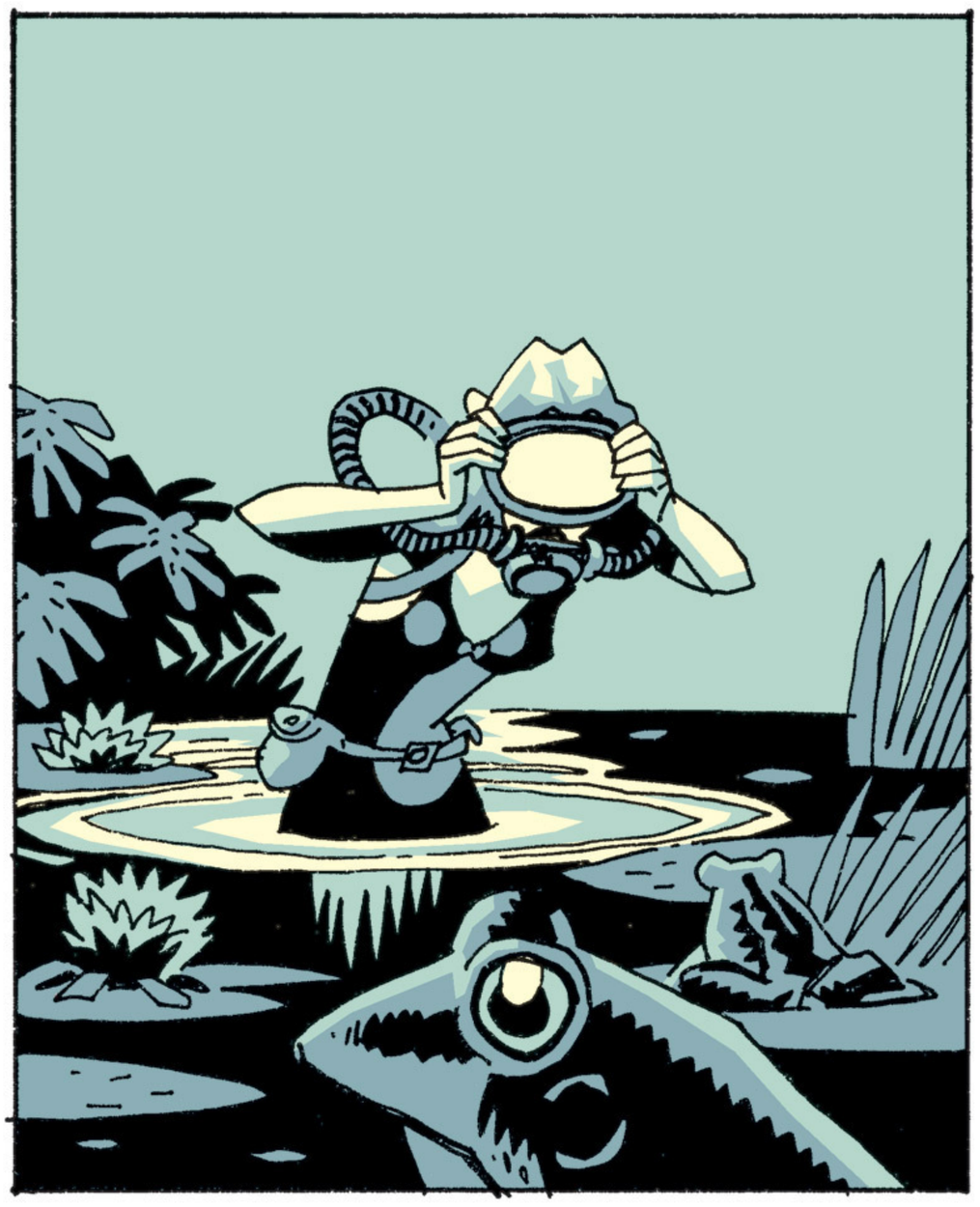


WELL, HAVE A GOOD NIGHT FELLAS--

HEY HEY--

GOOD NIGHT, MY SWEET CHILD.

G' NIGHT.



WHAT HAPPENS TO MY INSTRUCTORS ONCE THEY'RE FINISHED INSTRUCTING ME HERE?

I WOULD HOPE THEY GO ON TO HAVE SUCCESSFUL CAREERS IN ACADEMIA.

ELSEWHERE.

...

OKAY.

AND WHERE DID YOU GALLIVANT OFF TO LAST NIGHT?

WELL.

...THERE'S A BOY.

AHH.

I THINK HE LIKES ME.

I-- UH--

YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING ME.

EXCUSE ME?

I SAID, "YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING ME."

ABOUT... WHAT?

I HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING YET.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

WELL, I'M TWENTY-FI--

--I'M TWENTY-FOUR!

WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?

--WHAT?

WHY?

YOUR BIRTHDAY. WHEN IS IT.

AUGUST 18th.

I'LL BE TWENTY-SIX THEN.

AND YOU'LL STILL NOT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IONIC AND HOMERIC GREEK.

AND YOU DO?

I'M A REGULAR GODDAMN DONNA TARTT CHARACTER.

AND YOU'RE HERE TO TEACH ME IONIC AND HOMERIC GREEK.

AND YOUR BIRTHDAY IS AUGUST 18th.

GREAT. LET'S SPEND IT TRANSLATING THE ILIAD.

IT'S A DATE.

HE KNOWS.

OF COURSE HE

KNOWS.

SO WHAT DO WE DO?

Ὅμηρος
Ἰλιάς

MR. HEATH.

EXCELLENT WORK. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE HERE.

--FUCKSSAKE--

--GUYS--

--GUYS--

--Y'SONSA BITCHES--

--SONSA--

BELLA.

BELLA, BELLA, BEAUTIFUL BELLA.

IS GOOD, MISTER MIGGY?

MICHAEL, PLEASE. JUST MICHAEL.

I MARRIED

YOU TELL ME, MRS. MIGGY.

ARE WE GOOD?

WE'RE GREAT.

I LOVE YOU TO THE MOON AND BACK.

PROMISE?

--NON--

:GKK:

KKKK--

GGAAAHH

GUH

GOD DAMMIT.

SORRY, HONEY.

HANG--

--ON--

--LIKE A BUTTERFLY--

GGGRAAAHH

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A NICE, LOW-KEY MISSION.

NO SUCH THING.

WAS THAT--

--DO YOU THINK--

OF COURSE.

THIS IS WHAT LIFE WITHOUT FATHER IS GOING TO BE LIKE.

THIS IS KIND OF LIKE WHAT LIFE *WITH* FATHER WAS LIKE, TOO, IF I'M BEING HONEST.

I DON'T CARE.

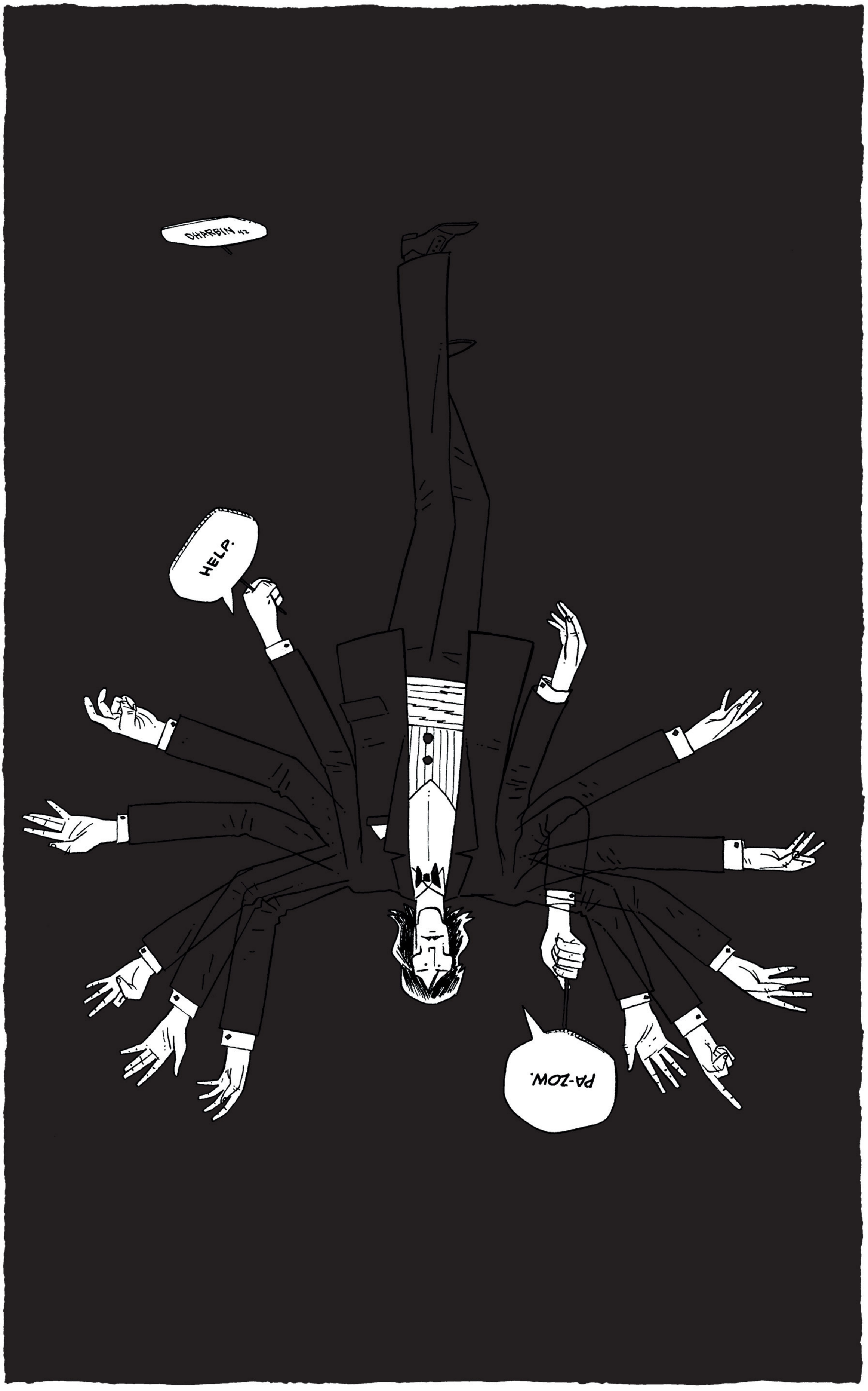
YOU MEAN THAT?

BECAUSE HE'LL NEVER STOP COMING FOR US.

WELL.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO COME FOR *HIM* THEN. SEE HOW HE LIKES IT.

I LOVE YOU.


HARBIN 42
HELP.
PA-ZOW.

AS **DWORKIN B.** BRANE-HOPS ACROSS PROBABILITY FOLDS TOWARD THE MAXIMUM LIKELIHOOD OF OUR TIMELINE...

...SO YOU CAN JUST GO BACK TO GALEN AND TELL HIM I'M FINE.

GALEN'S NOT ASKING.

MARA, I NOTICED YOU'RE BLINKING FREQUENTLY, SQUEEZING YOUR EYES SHUT.

IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES, WITH CHRONTS.

YOU EFFECTIVELY HAVE 9×10^{81} PAIRS OF EYES THAT ARE ALWAYS SEEING EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE, ALL AT ONCE.

YOU MUST WRESTLE CONSTANTLY WITH THE URGE TO PICK UP A SCREWDRIVER AND POKE THEM OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS.

RRIIIIIIIIP!

GNAR GNRCH

METAMA

WOW, I WAS SO CLOSE TO ACTUALLY ALMOST KIND OF LIKING YOU RIGHT THERE, BUT YOU HAD TO GO AND EAT A LOG AGAIN.

MMF.

GNRCH GNF

THE BOY. YOUR SON. HE'S...

IN A M.O.T.T.-RUN SECURITY DECOHERENCE. IT'S LIKE...

A BOX WHERE NOWHERE MEETS NEVER. ONLY IT EXISTS.

YEAH, IT EXISTS. BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM.

WELL, NOT WITH YOUR EYES.

RIGHT.

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT, DUDE? FORGET THE FUCKIN' M-VELOPE FOR ONCE.

EAT YOUR LOG.

ARE YOU... I... REALLY?

WHATEVER, I CAN HANDLE IT...

THAT HAS TO FEEL GOOD.

IT'S BLISS.

GO ON. DO YOU.

WHAT IS THAT *SMELL?*

GNARF GNARF GNARGLE GNARGLE GNARF

WHEN I SAW THEM BEING LOADED INTO THE HOLD, I HONESTLY THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THOSE ALIEN-TAKES-EVERYTHING-PEOPLE-SAY-LITERALLY TYPE SITUATIONS AND SOMEBODY HAD TOLD YOU WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KEEP A LOG.

FAUGH! WHAT *IS* THAT?

LISTEN, MARA. YOU HAVE INDULGED ME. NOW, PLEASE. LET ME INDULGE YOU. TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE. WHEN YOU SEE YOUR SON.

I... REALLY?

GO CRAZY WITH YOUR BAD SELF.

"I MEAN... I SEE... EVEN WITH MY EYES SHUT.

"EVEN WITH HIM HIDDEN AWAY ON THE FAR SIDE OF A DECOHERENCE.

"I SEE..."

"YOU SEE EVERY HIM. EVERYWHERE. ALL THE TIME."

OH, MY GOD, IT'S *GNANG.* I *TOTALLY* SMELL GNANG.

SASHA, WILL YOU PLEASE JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!

I'M SORRY.

LOOK, I THOUGHT WE HAD SOME KIND OF *RULE...*

"WHATEVER HE IS, HE'S HIS FATHER'S SON. IN OTHER WORDS, HE'S PROBABLY A SNEAKY...

"...HORNY, ARROGANT...

ANNALUVIA PLURALITY SWEARS: "I'M SAVING MYSELF FOR THE MAN OF MY DREAMS!"

WELL, HERE HE COMES, BABY.

"...SHOWBOATING, COCKY...

"...RECKLESS LITTLE...

ROLLING ROCK!

"... PAIN IN THE...

OOPS.

"... ASS."

"I WOULD NOT BE AT ALL SURPRISED."

SIGH

CURIOUS, THIS OBSESSION WITH A MINOR STARLET FROM A DECIDEDLY MINOR TIMELINE. IT'S BECOME AN EPIDEMIC AMONG THE BEWLAYS. IS THAT YOUR DOING, BULLDOG BEWLAY?

EAT SHIT, GRANDMA.

THE TRAINING. THE TENDER CONDITIONING. AT A TIME WHEN THEIR THOUGHTS OUGHT TO BE ONLY OF THE MISSION.

WHEN WE HAVE NEARLY REACHED ***OEDIPAL MASS.***

THESE MORONIC FANTASIES.

PATIENCE IS A VA-VA-VA-VIRTUE! "ANNA" HOLDING OUT FOR THE REAL THING.

YOU THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD ESCAPE. BREACH A DECOHERENCE. MAKE YOUR WAY ACROSS AT LEAST 2×10^{23} TIMELINES IN A HOMEMADE INFLATABLE RAFT, AND PERSUADE THIS PLURALITY WOMAN TO MARRY A PREPUBESCENT BOY.

EAT SHIT.

YOU'VE HEARD HIS REQUEST, GNANG. SEE THAT HE IS FED AS MUCH EXCREMENT AS HE CAN HOLD.

IT ***WAS*** A MORONIC PLAN.

I KNEW SHE'D PROBABLY MAKE ME WAIT TILL I HIT PUBERTY.

THAT WAS THE LEAST MORONIC PART.

FINE! NEXT TIME I'LL JUST ESCAPE AND KILL MY STUPID FATHER INSTEAD. HAPPY?

COME ON, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR SHIT.

I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT.

I CAN NEVER TELL WHEN YOU'RE KIDDING.

YOU AREN'T REALLY GOING TO MAKE ME EAT SHIT, ARE YOU, SVETLANA?

ONLY IF YOU PROMISE TO MAKE A BETTER PLAN NEXT TIME. ALSO IT'S NOT "ROLLING ROCK." IT'S "ROCK 'N' ROLL."

GOT IT. RIGHT. I PROMISE.

HEY, WHAT ***IS*** ROCK 'N' ROLL?

BACK MATTER

PIN-UPS

RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE P. 27

EDUARDO MEDEIROS P. 28

GUSTAVO DUARTE P. 33

ANDREW MCLEAN P. 55

EDUARDO RISSO P. 56

CHRISTIAN WARD P. 63

JASON LATOUR P. 89

CHIP ZDARSKY P. 90

GERARD WAY P. 117

DUSTIN HARBIN P. 118

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FC
2015

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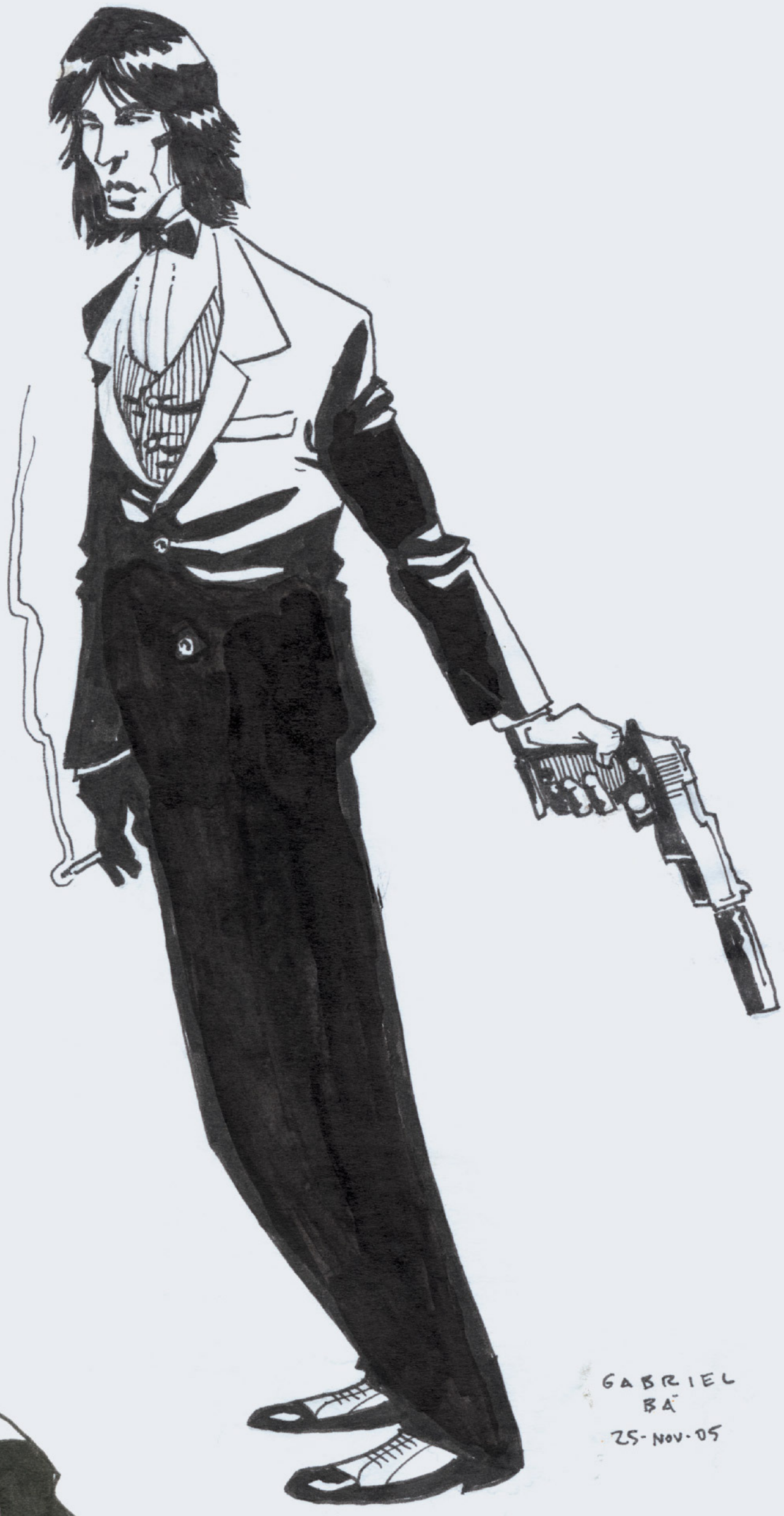
2016

GABRIEL BÁ

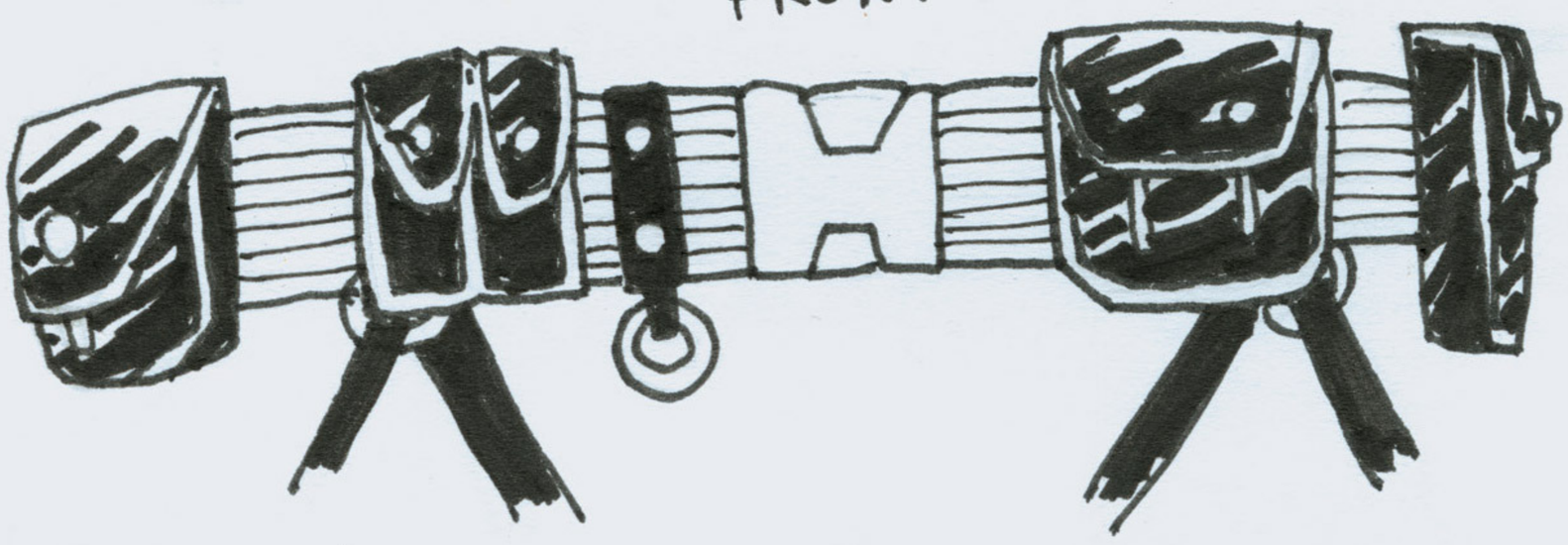
CASANOVA
#1
COVER
16-FEV-06

First sketches of Casanova Quinn.



8·DEZ·05

FRONT



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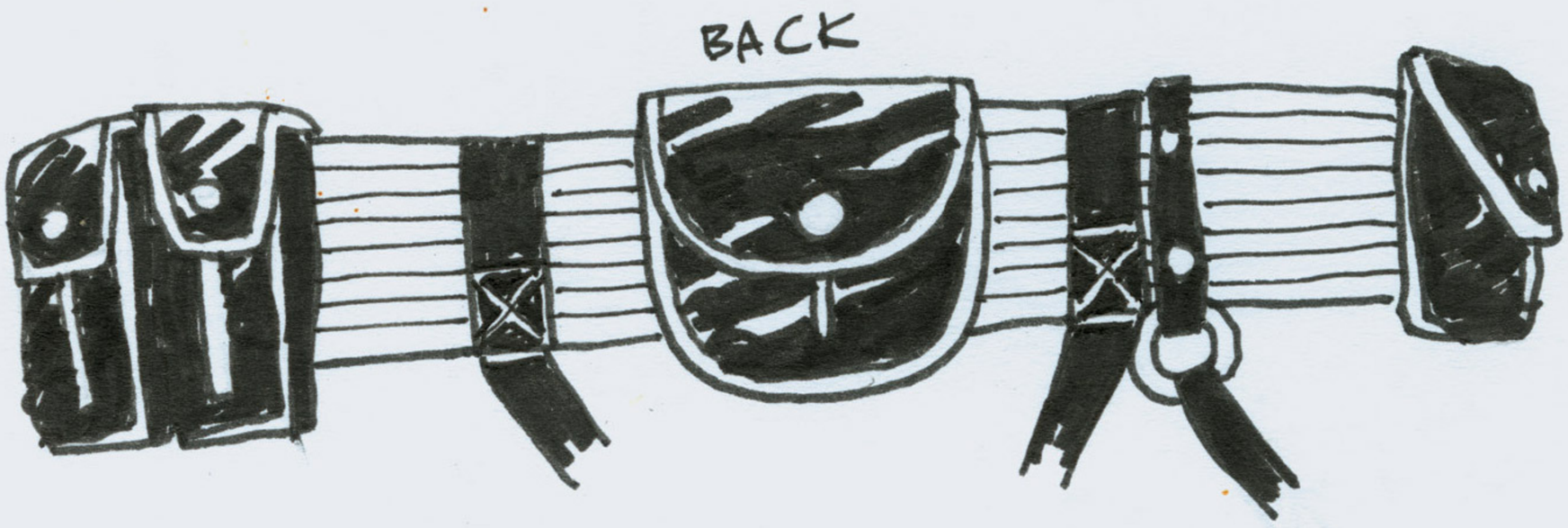


GABRIEL
BÁ
2016

CASANOVA

Casanova
interdimentional man of danger

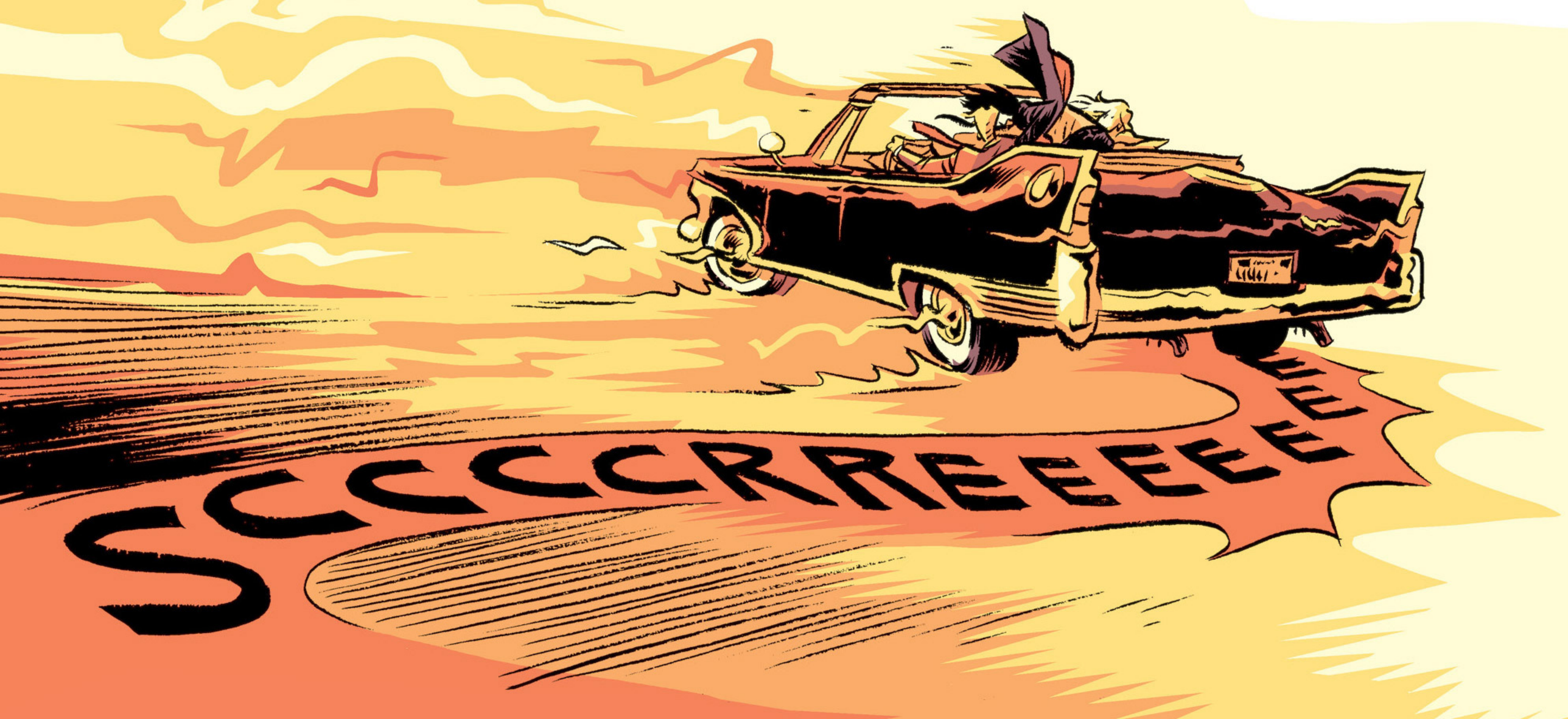
FABIO
2016
HEROES
CONVENTION
CHARLOTTE
2016

MATT FRACTION writes comic books out in the woods and lives with his wife, writer Kelly Sue DeConnick, his two children, two dogs, a cat, a bearded dragon, and a yard full of coyotes and crows. Surely there's a metaphor there. He's a *New York Times* bestselling donkus of comics like *Sex Criminals* (winner of the 2014 Will Eisner Award for Best New Series and named *TIME Magazine's* Best Comic of 2013), *ODY-C*, and *Casanova*. Under their company Milkfed Criminal Masterminds, Inc., Fraction and DeConnick are currently developing television for NBC/Universal.

FÁBIO MOON is Gabriel Bá's Eisner Award-winning evil twin whose world domination plans include creating great comics. He lives in São Paulo, likes his coffee black, strong, with no sugar, and divides his days at times thinking he works too much, and at times thinking he could do so much more. He shaves more often than not – his twin has claimed the bearded look for himself – but sometimes he rebels and looks like a hobo. In another dimension, he works wearing a three-piece suit and tie every day of the week, but in ours he's still looking for a portal between the two, dressed as a regular cartoonist.

MICHAEL CHABON lives and works in the spacetime discontinuity known as Berkeley, California.

GABRIEL BÁ is an artist, but complains when people think of him as just an artist, because he also likes to write, although he's definitely not just a writer, because he loves to draw. He was never too comfortable with the word "cartoonist," preferring "author" a whole lot more. Maybe he has an identity crisis as a result of having a twin brother who also writes and draws and actually works alongside him on most of their ventures in the comics world, including *Casanova*.



CASANOVA QUINN ISN'T FEELING LIKE HIMSELF THESE DAYS

...But since he can't remember who he is or where he came from, maybe that's not such a bad thing.

On the eve of an occult apocalypse, masked killers from across space and time embark on Casanova Quinn safaris while our leading man hunts for the truth behind the horrific past of his only friend—the rich benefactor that just may be the most dangerous person alive.

MEANWHILE

Megalithic pop stars by day, monstrous trans-dimensional assassins by night, THE METANAUTS continue their hunt for hits and their hit on Casanova Quinn. In their world, sex, drugs, and the complete entropic collapse of the universe is always number one with a bullet. From Michael Chabon and Gabriel Bá.

The clock ticks. The fire grows. And time always runs out.

"[O]ne of the greatest and strangest comic books of the last decade."
—GQ

"[A] sterling example of creative chemistry that has only become stronger with time."
—A.V. Club

Casanova: Acedia Volume Two collects issues #5-8 of the genre-defying series by Matt Fraction *(Sex Criminals, Hawkeye)* and Fábio Moon *(Two Brothers, Daytripper),* including backup stories by Pulitzer Prize-winning author Michael Chabon *(The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay)* and Gabriel Bá *(Two Brothers, Umbrella Academy).*

SCIENCE FICTION

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